UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

BETHLEHEM

The Bethlehem stars are dim tonight,
  The Bethlehem skies are still,
The weary shepherds sleep among
  Their flocks upon the hill;
But Caesar's legions guard the gate,
  His trumpets wait the morn;
Why come not angels to proclaim
  The Son of Man is born?

The Bethlehem streets are dark tonight,
  The Bethlehem winds are cold;
A hungry jackal howls his pain
  Out on the empty wold;
But Caesar's banners flaunt their wings
  Athwart the torches' glare
On soldiers in a stable-yard—
  Why comes not Mary there?

O Bethlehem town, our hearts tonight
  Are dreaming all of thee;
Hast thou no song for us to hear,
  No star for us to see?
Must Caesar's trumpets cry the doom
  Of God's dread Judgment Day,
Or shall we find thy peace again,
  And at a manger pray?

John Haynes Holmes.

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Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 143
Jottings—J. H. H. 146
ARTICLES—
Selected—A Prayer—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones* 143
The Plight of German Christians—ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH 146
A Christmas Prayer—VIVIAN T. POMEROY 147
Some Facts We Refuse to Remember About Jesus—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 148
Yes, I Believe in Christmas, Why Not?—EDWARD A. FILENE 151
Spain—A Challenge to Pacifism—H. RUNHAM BROWN 152
Good Will—ZONA GALE 156
Hearst Comes Back—FRED W. SHORTER 156
TRUMPETS ON NEW HORIZONS—
Christmas—1936—BRENT ALLINSON 155
Christmas Dinner in the Hospital—ARDEN LEE 155
Pax Mundi—ROBERT SCHALLER 155
Yule-Tide—JEAN RASEY 155
Any Recent Christmas—LLOYD FRANK MERRELL 155
THE STUDY TABLE—
New Testament Criticism—CHARLES LYTTLE 158
Christian Faith—A Social Ferment—EDWIN EWART AUBREY 158
An American Bible—FRED W. SHORTER 159
THE FIELD—
A Tribute to Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein—DAVID RHYS WILLIAMS 142
Doctor Needed 160

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Tribute to Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein*

By David Rhys Williams

It is going to be difficult for me to speak of Rabbi Bernstein tonight without emotion, because of our many years of close association in jointly sponsoring several causes in this city that have been dear to the hearts of us both.

He was the first clergyman to welcome me to Rochester. In fact, a letter from him was awaiting me on my arrival. I shall never forget that letter, for it contained a pledge—a pledge of friendship *and* moral support. I wish to acknowledge tonight, in all gratitude, that that pledge has been more than fulfilled. For I have had many an occasion to consult him on important matters, and I have always received a straightforward answer. I have never found him to be guided by considerations of mere expediency. Whenever he is called upon to give his views on some controversial issue; whenever he is confronted with the challenge of doing something that is unpopular, the question uppermost in his mind is not whether it is respectable, or prudent, or safe, but whether it is right or true or just.

To a remarkable degree he possesses the courage of his convictions, and yet at the same time he has been able to hold the affections and command the confidence even of those who felt inclined to disagree with him. What a record he has made for one who is still in the morning of his ministry! Let me briefly review that record for you.

1. He has been a staunch defender of civil liberties, both in this city and throughout the nation.
2. He came out early for the recognition of Soviet Russia as a means of stabilizing conditions in that country, and as a means of promoting fraternity throughout the world.
3. From the beginning, he has befriended the cause of voluntary motherhood.
4. On two occasions he has gone through this country pleading for good will and understanding among all religious groups—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.
5. Time and again he has raised his voice against the stupidity and the wickedness of war and the things that make for war.

*From an address delivered at the Tenth Anniversary and Testimonial Dinner given in honor of Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein, Rochester, N. Y., November 22, 1936

(*Continued on page* 160)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1936 No. 8

A PRAYER

For the saints and the seers of the ages, we give thanks. For the freedom that was bought for us at a great price by those who have gone before, we give thanks. For the illuminated wisdom of the pioneers and the leaders of men, we give thanks.

Broaden our vision, Father. Help us to see beyond the murky clouds of suffering and hatred. Help us to look up, Father, and see the radiant faces of those who in times of trouble sang the songs of love, who in the dissonance of war declared the gospel of peace. For thy great children whose words have come down through the ages, the radiance of whose faces illuminated the dark places of history, O God, for these we give thanks, and we pray that we may find release from the narrow bonds of land and language. Help us to become citizens of the world.—Amen.

—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

CHRISTMAS—1936

We wonder will the church bells ring in Madrid on Christmas morning? More likely, bombs will drop down from "the cloven skies" as once the angel songs fell on Jerusalem. Whatever the celebration of the natal day of Christ in Spain, one thing we can be sure of and that is that both sides of the most barbarous civil war of modern times will lift up their prayers to God for victory in his name and for his sake. There will be more prayers on the rebel side than on the loyalist, for the rebels are better religionists than the loyalists. But what are we to think of a religion which blesses bombs and firing squads, or of a Christmas that can be hallowed by death? What a mockery is all this Christianity in our so-called Christian world! For Spain is not the only offender. All the nations, including our own, blaspheme the Most High as they commemorate the cause of "peace on earth and good will to men" and go right on building warships and airplanes and making poisonous gas for use against the enemy. Milton in his great *Hymn on the Nativity* chants that, on the night when Christ was born,

> "No war, or battle's sound,
> Was heard the world around;
> The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
> The hooked chariot stood
> Unstained with human blood;
> The trumpet spake not to the armed throng
> And kings sat still with awful eye,
> As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.
>
> "But peaceful was the night
> Wherein the Prince of Light
> His reign of peace upon the earth began." . . .

Alas, "His reign" is broken. These lines could hardly be used to describe Christmas night of 1936. But if the world is false, our hearts may be true. If the nations are faithless, our homes may still be faithful to the great ideal. Within our breasts there may be "no war, or battle's sound," and in our lives the "spear and shield" may be "high uphung" forever. Here is the real Christmas—the covenant of those, of whom we believe there are millions, who have done with war in the sense that they will never fight or kill. These are the disciples of the Lord, and to them will come the true joy of the season.

A KING AND THE MARXIAN THEORY

That Edward's passion for Mrs. Simpson should have precipitated a first-class constitutional crisis in the British Empire is an amazing commentary on a lot of things—among others, on human nature. The old apocryphal seer said that there were four things he never hoped to understand, and among these were "the way of a man with a maid." Mrs. Simpson is hardly a "maid," but the ancient saying applies nonetheless. That such an affair should have broken forth in so violent a fashion at so critical a moment in the history of the world sets us to wondering what our complacent Marxian philosophers have to say about such an incident. How do they fit it in to their hard-and-fast doctrine of economic determinism, or what is more frequently called "the materialistic interpretation of history"? According to the orthodox Marxian dogma, everything that happens is to be explained in economic terms. The forces at work making history are exclusively economic or material forces. It is the struggle for food and shelter which explains everything—wars, revolutions, the decline and fall of empires, the practices of religion, the conventions and customs of society, the trends and goals of human evolution. And now, into an age absorbed by Capitalism and Communism and Fascism as the dominating influences of the age, there comes crashing—*love!* In an instant the Spanish war, the Chino-Japanese crisis, the German-Japanese alliance against Russia, the Buenos Aires Conference, all these tremendous events were swept from the front page, as by a flood, by the tale of a king in love with a commoner. This isn't economics, nor even politics—it's psychology, or, as men used to call it, plain human nature. We accept Marx's theory as one of the greatest historical generalizations

of all time. It ranks Marx with Darwin and Newton as one of the three moderns who changed the whole character of human thinking and remade men's understanding of reality. But Marx's discovery of economic forces did not eliminate the play of other forces which have been at work since the beginning of the world. Still there remains the inner life of man, with all its complexities and vagaries. The Greeks were not so far wrong when they explained the Trojan Wars in terms of Helen and Paris.

IS ARMAGEDDON AT HAND?

Within a few days after Germany and Japan had announced their anti-Communist pact, Russia had "dared" Germany to fight, France had boasted that she had a stronger army than Germany, and England had stated that she would take up arms to protect the integrity of Belgium. All this means obviously enough that, outside of Germany and Japan, nobody takes the announcements from Tokio and Berlin to mean what they say. On the contrary, everybody is assuming that these announcements hide a genuine alliance between two great military powers against Communism not in their own countries, nor in Asia and Europe generally, but in *Russia.* In other words, the line-up for the vast war between Facism and Communism, or, as we are now beginning to see ever more clearly, between Fascism and democracy, is now being definitely formed. There is coming that balance of power—Germany, Austria, and Italy on the one side, France, England, and Russia on the other—which, at the appointed moment, as in 1914, must crash into the ruin and wreck of war. As though this war were already begun, we see the awful spectacle of the civil war in Spain. A so-called civil war!—for what began as an internal struggle between the republic on the one side and the monarchists and militarists on the other has now become an open struggle between Fascists and Communists which has implications far beyond the borders of Spain. More and more the nations of Europe are being drawn into the fight as chips of wood are sucked into a whirlpool. Every day, every event of every day, make more evident the character of the Spanish conflict as a scene preliminary to the main drama of world war. The fighting before Madrid, the recognition of the rebels by Germany and Italy, the German-Japanese pact, the naval maneuvers of Britain, the threats of Russia and France—what a succession of happenings! More happenings, and more serious, will swiftly occur in the interval before this editorial can be published. "And they gathered themselves together into the place which is called Armageddon." Is this what is taking place today, as yesterday?

WAR IN ITS NAKED HORROR

The Spanish crisis has enormous international significance, as we have just been saying above. But at the moment, we must confess, we can think of little else but the sheer horror of this thing. Here is war, modern war, in its naked reality! The bombardment, especially the air bombardment, of Madrid is so ghastly as to defy description. Men, women, and children killed like sheep in the shambles, beautiful and historic buildings blown up and burned, irreplaceable art treasures destroyed, a great city irreparably maimed—what a picture of civilization and its works! Then, the fighting, on both sides of the battle-line! The rebels, with ruthless ferocity, are butchering their own countrymen with foreigners. Their shock-troops, apparently, are wild Moorish tribesmen brought over from Africa. What these barbarians are doing to life and property beggars imagination. But the loyalist side, in quite another way, is equally terrible. Here is the spectacle of a brave people fighting heroically for liberty as embodied in their new republic. But it's a different spectacle from what used to be in the days when untrained farmers, as at Lexington and Concord, could meet the troops of the King on their own terms and drive them headlong in retreat. These Spanish fighters are also farmers, or at least workers—peasants from the fields and laborers from the factories—but this time, poorly armed and inadequately trained, they are battling against the vast machinery of modern war. The result, of course, is slaughter—and slaughter into which in those last dreadful Madrid days, these masses of the common people were driven by a force and violence worse than death itself. To keep them in the trenches, "the people's government," God save the mark, posted trained guards to shoot the workers from behind if they dared to retreat before attacks which were irresistible. And then this "people's government," itself fleeing safely to Valencia, ordered the workers to remain and fight to the last man and the last drop of blood. Bah! This is cowardice matching cruelty, and both matching the horrors of hell. Imagine anybody justifying, or defending, or extenuating, or apologizing for war, after a scene like this!

THE LOST GENERATION

The New York *Times* published an impressive editorial not so long ago on the tragedy of youth in our time. "Step by step, country by country, the youth of Europe is being swallowed up by the insatiable state." The Germans have long had so-called labor camps into which boys are conscripted in preparation for military service. Poland is now imitating the Germans and organizing its own labor camps. Austria is combining two youth organizations into one, the Austrian Youth Folk, which takes all boys from 11 to 18 years of age and puts them into uniform for purposes of sport, military drill, and political education. Russia has of course always had its revolutionary youth organization and its conscript red army, the age for which has just been lowered one year into youth's unfettered life. And now, as though democracy must follow and not fight the influence of the dictatorships, France is proposing to estab-

lish "compulsory physical training for boys and girls from 6 to 21." This training is to be "pre-military," in the sense that it is "to prepare French youth for army service in the elementary schools." Thus does the republic follow the Italian Fascists in enslaving children. Not since the days of ancient Sparta, says the *Times,* have the young been regimented as they are today. All the autocracies are founded on youth, trained for war rather than peace, and taught to believe itself to be not merely the bulwark but also the property of the state. What this means for the regime is a founding of its power upon the very deeps of human nature itself. This is terrible! But what it means to the young is not only terrible but tragic. The *Times* expresses the truth in memorable phrase:

> No longer for these drilling children the irresponsible playtime and happy make-believe of childhood. No longer the carefree hours of adolescence, the do-nothing hours in the sun when the imagination works. No more free time for idle dreams. No more choices, or even the illusion of choice, in those lost margins between school and life when the young fumble and look ahead and engage in the exciting adventure of finding themselves and their opinions. No more opinions.
>
> These are irreparable losses for the young and for the world which they fertilize and renew. There is no "Ersatz" for youth. The lost Spring can never be recovered. For those who remember the fresh freedom of the morning hours, there is no sadder sight today than the lengthening regiments who march on without knowing that their parades are the funeral march of their youth.

THE PEACE PRIZE—TO OSSIETZKI!

We are reconciled to the Nobel Peace Prize and the Committee which awards it! We would have been reconciled the year that Jane Addams received the award, had it not been for the farcical fact that it was divided that year with Nicholas Murray Butler who was no more deserving of a peace prize than a masseur is deserving of a heavyweight pugilistic medal. But of course this naming of Butler was quite in the Nobel tradition, which had blessed such men as Roosevelt, Elihu Root, and Frank B. Kellogg. When Jane Addams was named, there was a break in this tradition—and now comes a complete break with the crowning of Ossietzki. It is well to remember who this man is—a Social Democrat, a valiant champion of peace through many years, an heroic exponent of liberty who refused, when Hitler came to power, to flee Germany and therewith save himself from terror and persecution! Promptly arrested by the Nazis, Ossietzki has been confined for three years in a concentration camp, steadfastly refusing to repudiate his pacifism, and enduring therefore such tortures as the world may never know, but which have broken his body and perhaps his mind. Here is service to a cause in terms of martyrdom which makes ridiculous the claims of popular presidents and doddering diplomats to recognition as Nobel Prize winners. It seemed impossible, when the first suggestions of Ossietzki's nomination were made, that the Committee would even consider such a candidate. Such things are not done in official life! But this time they *were* done—and the Committee is itself ennobled! Now we are told that such action is an insult to Germany and therefore should not have been taken. Very good—let it be an insult! So much the worse for Hitler who has much power, but not yet the power to veto the Nobel Prize award. Of course, he may refuse to let Ossietzki receive the prize. But what of that, save as a mean, petty, despicable trick? Ossietzki received his prize when the Nobel Committee named him as recipient and all the world (outside of Germany) shouted its acclaim.

PERHAPS ARKANSAS MAY YET BE CIVILIZED!

Arkansas has long been the leading candidate in this country for "darkest America." The story of the share-croppers has particularly served as a tragedy to disgrace the state forever. But now has come news to cheer the heart with the glad hope that even Arkansas is not without possibilities of redemption. The news pertains to a case which is as amazing as it is encouraging. It involved, if you can believe it, indictment, trial and conviction under a federal anti-slavery statute passed in 1866 to protect the Negroes of the South from being carried back into the servitude from which they had been lifted by the Civil War. How long it is since this statute was last appealed to, we do not know. But appeal in this case was just, as chattel slavery had actually been reestablished in Arkansas. Thus, it was the amiable practice of one Paul D. Peacher, planter and peace officer of the town of Earle, to round up at intervals groups of Negroes, some of them householders and laborers, on a general charge of vagrancy, get them sentenced for 30, 60, or 90 days, and then take them off to his plantation where he would work them by day, and house them behind stockades by night. On various pretexts, usually involving fines, these Negroes would be held for longer periods of time, and worked of course to the limit. Now this shrewd and thrifty town marshal has been convicted for holding citizens in slavery, and sentenced to two years, with a fine of $3,500. Says Brian McMahon, of Washington, "I feel the conviction will have a most salutary effect upon men who attempt to use the processes of law to perpetrate a practice which was supposed to have been done away with in this country nearly a century ago." Here is progress! It stirs us to the hope that we may yet live long enough to see the time when, in all parts of the Union, Negroes will be recognized as citizens, and protected from all infringements and guaranteed all privileges of their rank.

Jottings

The League of Nations has announced that for every 59 men under arms in 1913, there are no fewer than 76 men now under arms. This would seem to indicate that the League still has some work to do.

With one of Mr. Roosevelt's sons engaged to marry a Du Pont, and another son and a son-in-law working for Hearst, things look somewhat different since the election, don't they?

When a man like Dr. Sarga, of Paris, fights nine duels in vengeance upon the charge that he married his wife for her money, one gets suspicious. *Nine* duels? Verily, this man doth protest too much!

The political parties in the late presidential campaign spent a total of more than $13,000,000 in the endeavor to elect their candidates. If a total of not more than $13 had been spent, the result would have been the same. But of course the boys must be fed, and the machines well oiled.

The Spanish rebels are being denounced for bringing Moors into Spain to fight and kill the enemy. We agree that this is terrible. But we also remember that exactly this same thing was done in the Great War by the French against the Germans. The French thought that this was great in 1914, and damnable now. The Germans thought that it was damnable in 1914, and great now. The one thing that is really damnable all the time is *war* that does these things.

This is a war-like world, indeed! Even the granting of the Nobel Peace Prize brings hatred and dissension to mankind.

J. H. H.

The Plight of German Christians

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH

I shall always remember a long conversation in the summer of 1934 with Dr. Krummacher, head of the foreign office of the German Christian Church in Berlin. Then the fanatical tyranny of the Government against the Jews had reached the zenith of its fury and many of them had already fled the country never to return, while many others, harried into miserable disability by the loss of their citizenship, continued their oppressed lives (and do to this day) within the borders of that Fatherland which they could never again call home.

As an officer of the State, in effect, Dr. Krummacher was discreet, and not a syllable that he spoke could possibly be interpreted as disloyal to the ruling power. In spirit also he was faithful to his State and his Church which had been formed by the Hitler régime for the purpose of uniting the various Protestant elements of the population into a solidarity for the purpose of reincarnating the German people who had been shattered by the Great War and well-nigh destroyed by the consequences of the peace in the Treaty of Versailles.

This scholarly and sincere churchman, who occupied a most delicate and difficult position and was well aware of what was occurring and what ravages of the souls of devout leaders in the churches were resulting from the struggle for the Reformation faith, freely admitted the evils and yet stood there in the quiet fullness of his stature, a splendid type of religious leader, and said with utmost faith and without reserve that the Church would survive and that Christianity would not be destroyed.

He knew his history. Reciting the perils of the Church through the ages, he concluded, "The Church still lives." That is absolutely true, and his assurance gave me more confidence in the outcome in Germany than anything that I have heard or read since that memorable visit.

There is a view of the situation in Germany which has not yet been presented as it should be, and perhaps it is worth giving here in a time when there is wavering by even some of the staunchest defenders of the Christian religion against the pagan monstrosity of "race, blood and soil," which we have been told by the press is already superseding the historic religion of Christ as it derives from the Sixteenth Century confessionals.

It is important for one to keep in mind that in going through the period of readjustment Germany's Third Reich understood the supreme importance of religion. That is why, in the view I am seeking to present, she laid hold of the Church—not, of course, including the Roman Catholic Church—and by every nationalistic device and compulsion insisted upon the teaching and preaching of only such ideas as would give the people a new sense of their greatness which had virtually been exterminated.

It may seem grandiose, in restrospect, and in fact it was far worse as it worked out, but it is understandable nevertheless that a religion which would begin in the Pauline order of "first that which is natural" would meet the desperate nation's need better than the full-orbed gospel of universal brotherhood and the high metaphysics of orthodox Protestant theology. The German people, one can hear the leaders of the Third Reich say, have no time just now for the sentimentalities of love for all mankind, especially in the light—or darkness—of what mankind had done to Germany, but the realistic business is to deal with the harsh conditions

and save their own souls even though it be on a thoroughly practical level.

The task on their hands was "of the earth earthy." They would keep their feet on the ground, though their enemies would say they were deep in the mire. They would be hard, not least of all with themselves, and no evangelical fervors would enervate them or keep them from their stern business. Idealism, or Paul's other words, "that which is heavenly," would come perhaps later.

Now if this is what they thought — and certainly this is the way they went about their business—one can see the dreadful and unexpected things which came of this idea. The persecutions of the Christians who have stood out against a lowering of Christianity, indeed a defilement of it, in both the Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches, have been less tragic in their completeness than the horrors against the Jews, but no one has ever learned one-tenth of the tortures of those Christians who have been threatened and imprisoned, hounded, and exiled. No one knows the exact total number, but it is estimated that there are about 14,000 Christian refugees from Germany scattered to many parts of the earth. Of these we are credibly told "2,000 are absolutely penniless, and the remaining 12,000 are rapidly becoming penniless."

These figures I believe are conservative. In any case, leading men of Christian churches in the United States who have got their information straight from Germany through their own representatives have authorized an appeal to the whole Christian population of this country. The Christion Committee for German Refugees, with headquarters at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, and Dr. Frank Ritchie, secretary, is a group which has undertaken to feed, clothe, and house as many as possible of these refugees in their terrible necessities. New homes for them must be found, planned, and paid for. Some will become colonists in South America, and the rest must be placed in occupations where they can earn their living.

The need is immediate that $400,000 be given. At the coming of Christmas there are always those who wish to do something out of their own security and good fortune for those who suffer and lack. Here are all the elements fulfilling the requirements of the generous-hearted. The Jews have taken handsome care of their own among the Germans in exile, and in many instances they have come generously to the succor of German Christians who otherwise would have perished, as we heard eloquently from a Christian lady at the meeting called by Dr. Ritchie and attended by sixty ministers and laymen of many faiths, including Catholics, as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's guests in the Riverside Church, New York.

For my part, the appeal for these kindred of ours is the stronger because my faith is greatly increased that Christianity will come to its own in Germany, and such a catastrophe to fellow-Christians as that which has befallen these innocent, nearly martyred people seems less likely to happen again. There are many good causes which will be sustained in love for humanity during these coming weeks, and no one would ask that any of these suffer diminution of support. But here is one more that may rightly take that gift which this year you feel able to add to your usual benefactions.

A Christmas Prayer

God of all the ages and of the dayspring within these hearts of ours, we bless thy name for the story of long ago, which becomes our story, too, and shall touch with its glory the souls of men for ever. We praise thee for the good tidings of great joy through thy Wondrous Child.

We think of the Babe, so small and tender, lying in the straw of the manger among the patient beasts, whose quiet breathing was his lullaby. And we pray that we may so reverence the life within ourselves that we may not injure bird or beast in malice or carelessness, or for the sake of vanity; but, having tenderness for all innocent things, may we rejoice in the friendship of faithful creatures.

We think of that night of waiting, amid the haste and noise of the time, when Mary Mother lay listening to the hurried footsteps of travelers and all the rough sounds of the inn. And we pray for all the mothers of babes soon to be born; and pray that the compassion of men may be upon all young children, lest in our greedy tumult and blind speed we bring upon ourselves the condemnation of those who cause little ones to perish.

We think of the Wise Men, who came with their gifts, following the star. And we pray that today the knowledge and power which men have gained by discovering the secrets of earth and sky may be devoted to the good of the world and not its ill, and may be used to save life and not to destroy it. We pray that the children of the future may escape the doom of war, and that all the sons of men may come together within the city of the Light.

We think of the Shepherds, who heard the glad tidings while doing their daily work, abiding in the field. And we pray for all toilers to whom this happy season means weary hands and feet and long hours of labor. May they be visited by the strong comfort which has its abiding place in common things! And we pray for those in distress because no man has hired them. May they find refuge in the help of man; and may all the world have new hope!

We think of all who heard the song in the night, sounding faint and far away. And we pray for those who will keep their Christmas in strange places and away from their dear homes. We pray for those upon whom the enchanted season throws a shadow of happy years gone by. May they light candles of patience, kindness, and grateful memory, even when there are dark corners in their hearts. So may all our separations show us how far love can reach, and our broken circles teach us how closely love can bind.

God of all the ages and of the light that lighteth every man, we bless thy Holy Name; and, with the multitude of the heavenly host and with the magnitude of the lowly ones of earth, we praise thee, saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Amen.

—Vivian T. Pomeroy.

Some Facts We Refuse to Remember About Jesus*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

We do not know Jesus; we do not allow ourselves to know him. We hide away some of the facts which are central to an understanding of his nature and work. Why should we not remember these facts, and thus recognize the reality of this great historical figure who turned the tides of destiny?

First of all, among these facts to which I refer, is the basic fact that Jesus was *a man* and not a god.

Long since it has become the custom to associate divinity with all the great saviors of the race. Confucius and Buddha, Zoroaster and Mohammed, even Mme. Blavatsky and Mahatma Gandhi in our own day, have been dowered with qualities and powers more than human. The same process has been applied to kings, who have been deified and thus exalted in every age, as witness the attitude of the Japanese today toward their Mikado. The superstition of divinity, as applied to exceptional human beings, is as universal as it is persistent. It is not surprising, therefore, that it entered into the story of Jesus of Nazareth very early after his acceptance by the primitive Christians. But this was an intrusion from without, which had nothing to do with the real man who lived in Nazareth and died in Jerusalem. It belongs to psychology and theology, and not at all to history.

Take the evidence, for example, of the New Testament—the early documents which are unspoiled by the later accretions of superstition. Here we find the unmistakable record that Jesus was the son of Mary, his mother, and of Joseph, his father. The genealogy of the child is traced back through his father, Joseph, to the house of David. His mother refers to her boy as the son of Joseph. Throughout his life, Jesus was known among his compatriots as the son of Joseph who lived in Nazareth. In two of the four gospels there is no mention of the Virgin Birth. There is not the slightest evidence that Paul had ever heard of the Annunciation and the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth. All this belongs not to history but to legend. It is a later growth of doctrine which covered the facts of history as the mould upon a monument covers the letters of an inscription.

It seems foolish to labor this point at this late hour. But it is well to remind ourselves that there are millions of people, the great majority of Christians, who have long since forgotten, or refuse to remember, that Jesus was a man. Still today, as during the centuries gone by, the thought of Christianity centers about the Christ of dogma instead of about the Jesus of history. So long as this continues, the Christian faith must remain a superstition and not a religion. It must delude men and not deliver them. I know of nothing more important than the recovery of the humanity of Jesus.

A second fact, which we refuse to remember, is that Jesus was a *Jew*.

It is easy to understand why this fact has been obscured and ignored through all these many years. For the Jews, in the eyes of Christians at least, have always been a despised and hated race, and it has been inconvenient, not to say embarrassing, to confess that the Savior of mankind was none other than one of this same people. Into the causes of Jewish persecution it is not necessary to enter at this time, except to point out that it is this very fact that Jesus was a Jew which led to the first alienation between Jews and Christians which later developed into one of the supreme tragedies of history. What concerns us is the perfect irony of a situation which places the followers of Jesus in the position of outlawing from their sympathy and association the very tribe from whose blood the Master sprang, and in whose tradition he was reared and trained. It is this irony which has undoubtedly added bitterness and horror to the persecution which Christians have visited upon the Jews whom they have most detested because to them they were most indebted. But not even the wreaking of vengeance upon this people has been able to relieve the Christians of their unrest. So long as the kinship of Jesus with the Jews endured, there must remain a fundamental contradiction and therefore distraction in the Christian conscience. They must get rid of the Jewishness of this man which so embarrasses and confuses them! Therefore have Christians, at one time or another, done two things—resorted to two devices—to escape their fate:

First, they have set themselves to the deliberate task of ignoring the fact that Jesus was a Jew. They have entered upon a conspiracy of silence upon this point in the eager hope that in due course the disagreeable reality would be forgotten, and thus disappear from the consciousness of society. This undertaking, at first difficult, became finally successful to the degree at least that men and women were able to think of Jesus without having his Jewish origin and character come into their minds. Millions of persons, I have no doubt, have learned about Jesus, worshipped him in their churches, and followed him in their lives, without once suspecting that the object of their adoration was a Jew.

An extraordinary illustration of what is possible in this regard is furnished by Charles Dickens's biography of Jesus, *The Life of Our Lord,* which was written as a children's book for the private use of his own family, and published for the first time a year ago amid immense sensation. Charles Dickens, it should be emphasized, was no anti-Semite. His expansive nature and loving heart included all men within their embrace, the children of Israel among the rest. Yet, in writing his book, Dickens never once mentioned that Jesus was a Jew. So far as the childish reader, who knows nothing about Bethlehem or Jerusalem, or the geography and history and people of Palestine, is concerned, the hero of this story, Jesus, was undoubtedly an Englishman, or at the most a native of some country not far removed from England. The only time when Dickens refers to Jews as such is when he tells about those who betrayed Jesus into the hands of Pontius Pilate who, he takes pains to say, "was not a Jew." This might be regarded as wicked, if we did not know Charles Dickens so well. As a matter of fact, there was no wickedness in it at all. Dickens was not undertaking to mislead anybody, least of all to distort history or to malign the kinsfolk of the Nazarene. What he did, he did unconsciously. So automatic, in other words, had become the habit of ignoring Jesus' place among the Jews, that Dickens simply never thought of specifying

*A Christmas sermon preached at the Community Church in New York.

what had long since dropped out of the tradition of the Christian church.

But to ignore a disagreeable fact is not enough. There is always danger that somebody will discover and disclose it. So there has always been an endeavor, in curious ways, to deny outright that Jesus was a Jew. Thus, early suspicions about the legitimacy of Jesus' birth by the pagan controversialists of Rome have more than once been taken up in our time and used as a means of casting doubt upon the reputed character of his lineage. Ernst Haeckel, for example, in a sweeping attempt to discredit Christianity, in his once famous book, *The Riddle of the Universe,* revived the miserable canard that Jesus was the son not of Joseph, the carpenter, of Nazareth, but of an officer in a Roman legion, posted in Palestine, who had seduced the Jewish maiden, "Miriam (or Mary) of Bethlehem." But this yarn only diluted Jesus' Semitic blood. The Nazarene was still a Jew in the sense that he sprang from a Jewish mother, and was reared and educated in a Jewish family. Obviously a much more complete job of speculation must be done if Jesus' Jewishness was to be got rid of altogether. So it was left to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the racial fanatic of Germany, and his contemporary successor in the present-day Nazi movement, Alfred Rosenberg, to concoct a theory which would make the founder of Christianity not a Jew at all, but an Aryan! The theory of these men, in its rough outlines, has to do with the migration of the Aryan people from the original home in central Asia, through the Near East and Russia, into the forests of Germany. It seems that, on this long journey westward across two continents, one of the Nordic tribes became lost. Wandering south into Syria and northern Palestine, they finally settled in the mountainous regions 'round about Nazareth, and became absorbed into the life and culture of the Jews. But as proud Aryans they held themselves aloof from any racial intermixture, and thus maintained the purity of their blood. Now it was of this blood, say these racial theorists, that Jesus was born. The Nazarene was not a Jew, in other words, but a Nordic. He belongs not to these despised people of the ghetto, but to our modern western Aryan stock, which ranks now supreme among mankind.

The absurdity of this idea must be apparent. Yet are there millions of people who believe it! And they believe it because they want to believe it—because it gives some kind of a basis to their dogma that Jesus must not be a Jew. But the hope is vain to attest any such theory. In documents as authentic and credible as any known to historical research, it is shown beyond all dispute that Jesus was born of Jewish parents, that he was reared in a Jewish home and trained in a Jewish synagogue, that he spoke the colloquial Jewish language of his day, the Aramaic, that he lived and died in the Jewish homeland, Palestine, and that he was accepted without question by all his contemporaries, enemies and friends alike, as a son of Israel. To dispute these facts today is as ridiculous as to ignore them. Jesus, in other words, was as definitely a Jew as Socrates was an Athenian, or Caesar a Roman, or Napoleon a Corsican. And a Jew, in an ancient rather than a modern, an eastern rather than a western, sense of that word! For in remembering that he was a Jew, we must go further and remember that he was a real Jew. Not an Americanized specimen of the race, but a native product of the Palestine of two thousand years ago! This means that, in picturing Jesus to our minds, we must think of the type of Jew that we see in orthodox Jerusalem today, or in the West only in the ghettos. The Jew who has never been culturized, in our sense of the word—least of all, assimilated! The Jew with beard and forelocks, alien speech and tribal ways! We would have liked Jesus, had we been with him in his day, just as we would like him today if he were to return to us, for he had the divine gift of personality which drew all men unto him. But he would be strange to us, nonetheless, as any native of an alien country and religion must be strange. For Jesus, be it remembered, was a Jew!

A third fact which we refuse to remember about Jesus is that he was a *workingman.*

It seems incredible, when you stop to think of it—especially when you stop in a typical Christian church and look at the people—that Jesus was not a member of society so-called, a social light, an aristocrat, a gentleman of leisure. I remember one clergyman who was so disturbed by the possibility of Jesus being nothing but a humble workingman that he conceived the idea that Jesus' father was not a carpenter in the ruder sense of the word, but rather a building contractor who did not labor himself, but hired other men to labor for him. Such an idea would save Joseph's respectability and that of his son, and be quite in accordance with the conception of Jesus as presented in the innumerable pictures of the Nazarene in Christian art. Here is no artisan or toiler, no man wont to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. On the contrary, the figure we see in these classic paintings of the church is that of a man of elegance and refinement. His hair is smooth and his beard silky; his hands are as soft as the hands of women; he is arrayed in purple and fine linen; he is well-kept, in every sense of the word, never rough and dirty, or even tired. We cannot think of this man as fingering a board, or driving a nail, or lifting a beam, or dripping with the dusty sweat of toil. He is too nice and neat for such experiences. This is the man, the preacher, the teacher, whom we have known for centuries! And so indelibly is this image stamped upon our mind that, when an inspired sculptor, like the great Epstein, gives us the statue of a Jesus who bears some of the lineaments of his actual character, we cry out in horror and alarm, and accuse the artist of blasphemy.

Yet here is the record—a boy who was born of a carpenter, who learned a trade, and who worked for a living! In every sense of the word this Nazarene was a common artisan—a member, as we would say today, of the working-class. Not until he was thirty years of age, and became a teacher of religion, did he drop his tools and leave his bench. And even then he called to his side, as disciples to help him in his work, men who were like unto himself in social status—fishers, farmers, tradesmen, who knew the ways of the common people because they were common folks themselves. No, there was nothing exclusive about this Nazarene—nothing highborn or select. He would have a hard time of it if he came back to earth today, and tried to make his way into the company of those who take his name. He might even find difficulty in being received into many of the Christian churches, for even on a Sunday he would be rudely dressed. In the growing cleavage between social classes in our time, there can be no question as to where Jesus belongs. Not among the aristocrats, nor the middle-class; not even among the lower middle-class! His place is with the proletariat.

The fourth fact which we do not commonly remember about Jesus is that he was a *revolutionist.*

In saying this I do not mean to imply that Jesus believed in force or violence, or commended under any circumstances the use of force or violence. If anything is perfectly clear in the story of the Nazarene, it is that he was a non-resistant who preached and practised the impressive idealist doctrine of non-resistance in its absolutist form. If revolution signifies violence, then Jesus does not qualify! But this word, revolution, does not necessarily or even rightly mean any such superficial and arbitrary thing as the resort to force for the accomplishment of our ends, which is the way of the bully and not of the reformer. It implies rather the fundamental thing of abhorring evil and cleaving to good, and of overcoming evil with good. The revolutionist is the man who would outlaw injustice and oppression, and establish brotherhood and peace. He is the man who seeks to achieve a drastic reconstruction of the social order in the interest of the liberation of the multitudes from exploitation and oppression. He is the man who would end the reign of cruel laws and burdensome institutions, and substitute therefore his dreams and visions of an ideal society of righteousness, good will, and love. Jesus was a revolutionist in this sense. Eschewing violence in every form, he nonetheless aimed a direct attack upon a corrupt church and a tyrannous state, upon the wealth of the few which was reared upon the poverty of the many, upon false standards of virtue and dead principles of conformity, and therewith made himself dangerous to the existing order. There was no compromise or surrender in this man. He would turn society upside down, if it were necessary, to end the oppression of the weak by the strong. He wanted justice, liberty, brotherhood, and cried out from the very housetops for their coming. He meant business as truly as any reformer, or revolutionist, who ever lived.

But it is a very different figure from this that we see in our churches and in our books. The traditional idea of Jesus is that of a more or less conventional teacher who gave himself to the business of inculcating in men's hearts the lovely and all too rare virtues of the individual life. If he got into trouble, as he most certainly did, it was because he was something of a nonconformist in his religious practices, and held some strange, or at least unfamiliar, ideas about the God of Israel. He was a heretic, in other words, and suffered the not unusual fate of the heretic. But there was more in Jesus than any merely rebellious attitude toward the practices of the synagogue. He spoke hard words, which cannot be glossed over with smooth interpretations. He did terrific things, which threatened the security and stability of the established order. It is true that the Nazarene was interested in the personal virtues—purity, honesty, piety. But he was more interested in what he called the "Kingdom." It was this "Kingdom" that he was talking about all the time. And little by little it became apparent to frightened men that this Kingdom was a society, a new type of social order, a new system of political and economic life, with which this rash teacher was daring to challenge Rome itself. Here was revolution—the spirit, aim, and terror of revolution!

Three classes of evidence may be cited to prove the revolutionary character of Jesus' gospel:

First, the words of Jesus! There are dozens of passages to prove that the Nazarene entered upon a work which was calculated to shake the society of his day to its foundations. James Russell Lowell declared that there was enough dynamite in the New Testament to blow our whole existing society to atoms, and I submit that most of this explosive material is to be found in Jesus' words! But I content myself with quoting a well-authenticated passage from the Gospel of Luke, which must stand for all time as the classic utterance of the revolutionist. Jesus is portraying the nature of his work, the consequences of his mission. And he says:

> "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth. I come not to send peace, but a sword. I come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against the mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that taketh not his cross to follow after me is not worthy of me."

Secondly, as evidence of the drastic character of Jesus' work, I cite the ideas of his disciples. These are all to be summed up in their thought of the Messiahship. These men who were the nearest to Jesus believed that their Master was the Messiah of their race—believed this so implicity that they imitated his example in going to their deaths for the faith that was within them. And the Messiah, as I need not tell you, was the typical revolutionist of that troubled time. He was the Son of David come down out of heaven to topple kings from their thrones, to end the rule of empires—specifically, to destroy Rome and liberate Israel from the foreign yoke. Whether Jesus thought of himself as the Messiah in this sense is a subject of dispute among the scholars. But the important thing is that there can be no question that the disciples conceived and proclaimed him in this role. What this meant to their minds, and to the minds of the people of the time, is shown in a hundred world-shaking proclamations of the gospel. I cite but one—the great Magnificat, which legend placed on the lips of Mary when she knew that she was to be the virgin mother of Christ, the Messiah. Do you remember the terrific words of this song of praise—the greatest revolutionary hymn, perhaps, of all time:

> "My soul doth magnify the Lord,
> And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.
> For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaid:
> For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
> For he that is mighty hath done to me great things: . . .
> He hath showed strength with his arm:
> He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.
> He hath put down princes from their thrones,
> And hath exalted them of low degree.
> The hungry he hath filled with good things;
> And the rich he hath sent empty away."

Lastly, as evidence of the revolutionary overturn inherent in Jesus' message, I recall the story of his death. What was the meaning of that enormous event? Was this a mere moral teacher getting into trouble? A heretic executed as a martyr to his faith? On the contrary, there was serious business here not only of church but of state. The authorities were aroused—and, from their standpoint, with good reason. The Gospels record the facts: that when this Nazarene was arrested and brought before Pontius Pilate for trial, he was charged with three offenses! First, he was perverting the nation; secondly, he was preaching sedition; and, thirdly, he was stirring up the people. There can be no question, in the light of these facts, as to why Jesus was killed. He was a man who seemed so dangerous to the authorities of his time that, in the interest of public safety, they could not afford to let him live.

This is what I count as evidence, incontrovertible in character, that Jesus was a revolutionist in the higher or spiritual sense of the word. Walter Rauschenbusch, in his great book, *Christianity and the Social Crisis,* ponders the problems of Jesus' mission. Recognizing the uncertainty of final judgments, and balancing various probabilities, Dr. Rauschenbusch sagely says: "He [Jesus] has been made the founder and organizer of a great ecclesiastical machine, which derives authority for its offices and institutions from him. * * * There is at least as much justification in invoking his name today as the champion of a great movement for a more righteous social life. He was neither a theologian nor an ecclesiastic, nor a socialist. But if we were forced to classify him either with the great theologians who elaborated the fine distinctions of scholasticism, or with the mighty popes and princes of the Church who built up their power in his name, or with the men who are giving their heart and life to the propaganda of a new social system—where should we place him?"

Sarah Cleghorn, radical American poet, has no doubt in her own mind upon this point. In her most famous poem, *Comrade Jesus,* she writes the closing line—

"Comrade Jesus hath his red card."

There is one final word about Jesus on this Christmas day—that, beyond all compare, he is *the one greatest teacher of religion who ever lived!* Statements of final spiritual truth came from his lips as phrases of final literary beauty come from the pen of Shakespeare. Jesus touched the profoundest depths of the soul's wisdom, as he scaled the loftiest heights of the soul's vision. He is as much supreme among the religious teachers of history as Plato is supreme among the philosophers and Bach among the musicians.

This fact, to be underscored in any complete estimate of the Nazarene's genius and of his place in history, has been almost hopelessly confused, or even lost, in the notion that Jesus came to earth, out of heaven, to convey to men some kind of divine scheme of redemption for the saving of their souls. In the endless discussion which has followed upon this interpretation of the Christian story, theological dogmas have almost completely supplanted spiritual ideals, and the Nazarene has been degraded from a life-giver to a creed-maker. Yet there, all the while, in the pages of the Bible, lies the evidence of the ineffable splendor of this greatest spiritual teacher of the ages! It is time that we recovered this surpassing leader of men's souls, as the famous portrait of Dante was recovered from the white-wash which for centuries had overlaid it and thus hidden it from the world. Tear away the encrustation of doctrines, and tenets of faiths, and myths of superstition—and here lie the outlines of the teaching of the supreme spiritual seer of human history! Would you follow these outlines? Then note three things:

First, the three immortal parables of the "Good Samaritan," the "Prodigal Son," and the "Last Judgment." Search all the literature, sacred and profane, of either ancient or modern times, and I challenge you to find anything to match these flawless jewels of the mind.

Secondly, the "Sermon on the Mount," with the "Beatitudes"—the greatest single discourse ever associated with an historic name!

Thirdly, certain scattered sayings of the Master which reveal his spirit, as the lyrics of Goethe or Shelley reveal their poesy! Listen to these words, as familiar now as the shining stars of heaven, but once as new as the first day of creation—

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto you."

"Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what manner ye judge, it shall be judged to you again."

"No man can serve two masters for he will either hate the one and love the other, or else he will despise the one and cleave to the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies."

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets."

All these are precious things—as rare and wonderful as the sculptures of the Parthenon or the paintings of Raphael. They are final achievements in the realm of the spirit, and immortal guides to men. In the light of such words, I begin to understand why men have believed in all ages what the centurion cried out beneath the cross—"Verily, this man was the son of God!"

Such are the facts about Jesus—facts too seldom remembered, too often forgotten. A man, a Jew, a worker, a revolutionist, a supreme master of the spirit—this was Jesus. I feel in this man a brother and find in him a guide. He can help me, lift me, inspire me. So would I rescue him from those who have carried him to far spaces of superstition, and bring him back at last to the good firm earth of truth. Above all, would I restore him to mankind, in whom he lived and for whom he died. The throne of heaven, even at the right hand of God, is not for him. Rather would he dwell within the hearts of men, and there make his own true home. So do I speak to you, for his sake and for our own, the words of the poet, Elizabeth Waddell—

"They have taken the tomb of our Comrade Christ—
Infidel hordes that believe not in Man;
Stable and stall for his birth sufficed,
But his tomb is built on a kingly plan.
They have hedged him round with pomp and parade,
They have buried him deep under steel and stone—
But we come leading the great Crusade
To give our Comrade back to his own."

Yes, I Believe in Christmas, Why Not?

Christmas is our most natural, most real, most human day.

It is the Day of Gifts. Why not? It is not only more blessed but more *human* to give than to receive. Man cannot live unto himself alone; for all distinctly human values are values which, to be appreciated, must be shared.

It is the Day of the Adoration of a Child. Why not? This is a worship in which all humanity may unite; for man, to be truly human, cannot live unto his own generation alone, and must adore the coming generation as the Redeemer and Savior of humanity.

It is the Day of Peace and Good Will. Why not? Man, to be truly human, must cooperate with every member of his community; and the inescapable forces of social evolution are now making us one community.

Christmas, therefore, cannot be abolished. We *must* believe in it. Although only one day out of three hundred and sixty-five, it is yet destined to conquer the rest of the calendar. —Edward A. Filene.

Spain—A Challenge to Pacifism

H. RUNHAM BROWN*

Are you one of those who hope there will not be another war? And, if there is, do you hope it will not come your way, or at least that you will somehow be able to stand out of it? You could not be classed as a sane person if you did not hope that war—especially a world war—will be avoided. But your hopes will not help you, nor will it help you to bury your head in the sand and say, "There is not going to be another world war." But it will be helping humanity if you believe that an Armageddon is not inevitable to clear up the mess into which the world has fallen and if, instead of seeking to avoid or dodge war, you will stand up to it and resist it. It will do more to prevent war if you recognize that even at this moment there is a tremendous opportunity to start to rebuild the world on lines of justice and fair-play all round; to fashion it so that the inevitable clashes of interest will quickly, even dramatically, diminish and the war danger rapidly disappear. Such an opportunity has never presented itself as it does today. The people of nearly every country are ready to accept big changes as they were not a few years ago. They want a clear and bold lead. Their minds have been prepared by the obvious hopelessness of continuing to run the world by groups of people called Governments, who are dominated by financial interests and who themselves are imbued with out-worn creeds. The abyss which yawns before us is so terrible that it has made men's minds receptive to new ideas and made action possible in a way which could not have been contemplated a quarter of a century ago. The world is, in fact, rapidly changing before our eyes. Can it re-establish itself on new and more rational lines without the already defeated forces of re-action plunging the world into an Armageddon in the vain hope that class and privilege may somehow be saved? The indications are that it can.

Pacifism means to many a rather sneaking kind of thing. That is why we prefer to use the term "War Resistance." It is not sentiment which makes war resisters (although sentiment may play a part), but rational common sense. War and armed violence are so silly—they never bring the desired result unless, of course, the desire is for sheer reaction, oppression, and self-interest. To seek to avoid war is futile, to stand out of it personally may keep the individual's hands clean, but he will walk in the mire and be spattered with it. Only an intelligent war resistance is of any avail, but from this we often shrink. It appears mean. It is so much more gallant to rush with sword in hand, as a St. George, to protect the fair and beautiful; but to seek to conscribe a conflict, to refuse to apply sanctions to Italy, or supply arms to Spain, is not gallant—it is only common sense. The motive may be self-interest, or it may be an enlightened understanding of how best to seek to save humanity as a whole from rushing headlong into the abyss. In the breakdown of the present order of society, in the advent of the new social order, which today experiences its birth-pangs, it must seem to many that the pain will overwhelm all else and the child be still-born. It is so easy to lose sight of the distant goal and seek a quick little victory—a drug which momentarily alleviates, but ultimately kills.

When two men are found fighting it is the instinct of chivalry to let them have a "fair" fight, or an equal chance of killing each other. A better way is to attempt to reconcile the fighters although the objects for which each fights may be irreconcilable.

With regard to Spain, the other nations had three policies open to them:

(*a*) to withhold arms from the rebels and supply them to the legal Government, in accordance with international law;

(*b*) to withhold arms from both sides;

(*c*) to supply both sides equally with arms.

The professed policy of France and Great Britain to withhold all arms I believe to have been right, and if real pressure had been put upon the Fascist states there is little doubt that the policy would have succeeded, but I doubt whether the British Government was ever sincere or ever desired to see the rebellion put down.

The actual policy of withholding arms from either side and at the same time leaving the Fascist Governments to supply the rebels is, of course, indefensible. There is no moral reason why a Government which itself uses and believes in the method of mass destruction called war should not supply arms in accordance with international law, and one cannot help feeling that arms which have been freely trafficked in have suddenly been withheld in order to give the rebellion its chance.

But for those of us who believe that violence begets violence it is unwise to advocate the supplying of arms even to those with whom we sympathize. Our energy must be directed in the reverse direction—that of preventing additional means of destruction reaching the rebels—there is no need to endeavor to stop arms reaching the Spanish Government, that is being done effectively already. We must work, not for a "fair" fight, but for the prevention of war by the condemnation of the wrongdoer and the drying up of the sinews of war.

What should I do if I were in Spain today? I do not know what I should do; that would depend upon my courage. But I do know that the whole of my sympathies would be, as they indeed are now, with the people of Spain. I could not take a neutral position. A Spanish member of the War Resisters' International Council is in Madrid. He writes:

> "In the circumstances in which the fascist rising has taken place, the people have had no alternative but to meet violence with violence. It is regrettable, but the entire responsibility for the tragic and bloody days we are enduring lies with those who, heedless of the most elementary social principles of humanity, have let loose destruction and slaughter, to defend, not ideals, but out-of-date and hateful privileges, tending to a set-back to medieval barbarism."

I believe he is right, that is, that without previous training in the technique of absolute non-co-operation with an attempted tyranny and without a strong conviction that the right way and the only way to destroy tyranny is not to kill the tyrants, but to refuse to co-operate with them, the people of Spain had no other way open to them than to fight.

*Hon. Secretary War Resisters' International.

And as right and wrong are relative terms, standards which each must make for himself, I cannot say they are wrong; that is, that they are wicked, and I hope with all my heart that they will win.

But what would I do if I were in Spain? Give my sympathies and my hopes and otherwise be neutral? No. I am sure I should offer something much more active than that. Our representative in Madrid had to make his decision and make it quickly. He further writes:

> "I stopped a few days in Barcelona to take part in the mass meeting against war that we had organized, but which could not be held, as on the very night when it was to take place, there broke out the criminal militaro-fascist insurrection of which danger I had already notified you.
>
> "In Barcelona there were days of bitter strife. From the first moment I placed myself unreservedly at the service of freedom, without thereby renouncing my principles of absolute war resistance; that is to say, I have done and continue to do what I can by word and deed, but without participating in violent actions, for the anti-fascist cause, and within the proletarian and democratic organizations which are struggling to save Spain from this reactionary tyranny. My work is that of information and propaganda. In Barcelona, in Valencia, in the province of Caceres, and in Madrid I have acted, and continue to act, in such interesting tasks as stimulating, directing and organizing the peasants so that, instead of abandoning their agricultural work, they work, even in those areas abandoned by the fascists in their flight, to avoid interruption in production and provision of supplies for the towns; in establishing and organizing schools and homes for the children of those citizens who have fallen or who are fighting on the various fronts, and in general taking advantage of all opportunities to spread among the combatants our humanitarian ideals and our repugnance to oppression and cruelty."

In short, he has found practical service which he can render in assisting to maintain the food supplies of the country. In the midst of the struggle, Professor Brocca has answered the question which some of us have found it so difficult to reply to, "What would you do in Spain today?"

War resisters are as much opposed to tyranny and injustice as they are to war and violence, and it is possible that some in the hot blood of their indignation might find it difficult to restrain themselves from taking up arms, but, on cooler reflection with their previous training, I have little doubt but that they would refrain. If they did not, at least their error would be more pardonable than if they had betrayed their principles by accepting the cold-blooded preparations for the slaughter as in an international war. For myself, I should have no delusions, to assist in supplying food for the people, and the people are the army, is to help to win the war; to refrain is to help the insurgents to win the war. I lay myself open to the charge of inconsistency. That would not worry me, for I have yet to learn that consistency is an absolute virtue. I prefer to follow the light when I see it than to complete my theory of life before starting to live. I should be compromised. Well, I am compromised already. Personally, as I do not believe in individual salvation from sin and am not interested in keeping my hands clean while my feet walk in the mire, I cease to ask "Is it right?" or "Is it wrong?" I do not judge my Spanish comrades for not understanding the technique of non-cooperation, but I ask instead, "How can I best serve my fellows in their distress?" My judgment is that I can best help them by feeding them, by helping the wounded, by lending my hand in carrying on the normal life of the country. Then I hear some one say, "For heaven's sake go right in." No, I know a better way, even if I cannot practise non-cooperation just now. To join in the fighting entails destroying my fellows, even my own comrades captive in the cities held by the rebels. It means shooting down deluded men fighting on the other side. I know only too well that victory even for the Spanish people will not necessarily bring peace. I disapprove of the methods being used, although I do not blame my comrades who use them.

We may agree that the new social order of society cannot be achieved by armed violence, but does that really mean that when some substantial measure of social progress has been made, any little group of desperate men can overthrow it by the resort to violence, and that we are to do nothing to defend that new society? No, it does not. I am not opposed to the use of a certain measure of physical force, but that force must be a restraining force and not a destructive one. For instance, we will suppose that a freely elected Government representing a certain measure of progress has been established, such as was the case in Spain last February, and that a "small" group of violent men representing class and privilege try to overthrow it by violence and so to thwart the will of the people. I should be prepared in such a case to arrest and imprison those men, even if, in so doing, there were some broken heads, even at the risk that the necessary use of force was exceeded and some were killed. Then, does it mean that if the opposition come with sticks I will use the policeman's truncheon, but if they come with guns I will let them have their way? No, it means that up to the point where there is reasonable prospect of restraining them, I should be prepared to use the necessary force, but directly it became evident that I had no alternative but to attempt to destroy them, at that point I should stop. If I found that this reactionary gang were in such numbers or possessed such weapons as to make restraint impossible and that mass detruction was the only means of subduing them, I should definitely reject that method, even if I had to allow them to take control; but if they did take control, it would not be with my help. I should refuse them all cooperation, refuse to become their tool, and should use my best endeavors to bring everything to a standstill.

Now if "I" were the will of the progressive majority who were in this way being ousted from their control, we should soon see if the usurpers were in reality a small group of violent reactionaries. If they were, they would be powerless and their government would collapse within a few weeks as the Kapp Putsch in Berlin in 1920. They might shoot their way to the Government offices, but their guns could not help them to run the country or to provide its food. But on the other hand, supposing they were not such an insignificant group, supposing they could persuade or cudgel a sufficient number of their countrymen into their service, then we should have to start again to rebuild our new society. If that new society was only a liberal democratic government, still believing in a certain measure of capitalism and imperialism, we should repeatedly fail and remain always a prey to the reactionary minority with their guns, because, having to maintain even a small measure of imperialism, we also should have to rely upon armed violence.

We therefore have left to us one hope. The change in society which we must work for must be a total and radical change. It must win overwhelming support for the "big thing." The next time we move forward, it must be for the absolute abandonment of imperialism and the immediate freeing of all subject peoples. Had the Spanish Government immediately liberated Morocco, it would not have been easy for General Franco to recruit the Moors to fight against them today. The new order must immediately abolish the army and destroy all its munitions. Had the Spanish Government done that, the generals would not have found a disciplined army ready at hand. The new order must find its support from an absolutely free and liberated people. There must be not even limited oppression of one group by another. Had the earlier Spanish Government not continued its oppression of the anarchists and syndicalists and other groups, they would not have experienced the divided control they do today. It must be understood beforehand that there would be no arms to enforce submission; this illusory power having been withdrawn from the first, the people would at once become more receptive to the new method of asserting their will and would freely and willingly cooperate with the authority they themselves appointed and which they themselves could remove at will. They would begin to understand that their power lay in their free cooperation or their withdrawal of that cooperation.

You may think that it is a fine line between the use of physical force to restrain and armed violence to destroy. All decisions in life are by fine lines. We are already compromised in countless ways. We help to work the capitalist system which in itself is war, taking a toll of human lives as great as any war. At some point we have to make a stand. For myself I draw that line at armed mass murder. One day I will shift that line to cut out economic murder. At present I cannot see the practical way to cease cooperation and so I stop where I think I can best make my stand. When our power is consolidated we will push the line further into the enemy's ranks.

Now, going back to Spain, had the Spanish people been able to live up to the ideal of non-cooperation with the tyrant, and had they made his rule unworkable, it is still possible that outside intervention might have made the new order which they had set up impossible also. Italy, Germany, and Portugal would, however, have found it much more difficult to intervene than they do today. But the British Government might well have feared the establishment of that new social order and could, and very likely would, have effectively put a stranglehold upon the Spanish people by their power over world finance. Her economic power could bring down the new order.

Take an obvious example, in Austria there was a well organized Socialist Movement, an overwhelming majority in Vienna, and a substantial minority in the whole country. It was not the Heimwehr which brought it down, nor the Austrian Nazis. The Austrian Government today is indeed a tiny group with no popular support within Austria. Austrian dictatorship owes its power to outside support, not of a military nature, but of an economic nature.

Each country advancing alone will be again and again cheated of its gains by an insidious economic intervention, if not by a military invasion.

Must we then support "Collective Security" and an International Army (putting on one side the Geneva vision of security and its "international police force" as but the grouping of one imperialism against another)? International armed violence can only set up an alternative tyranny and bring to naught the advance of the new order just as it must do within the nation.

The people of the world must learn to know, to understand, and to cooperate with one another. There is no national salvation today. No nation can live in isolation.

We need not despair, the advance in our international relations during the last twenty years has been enormous. We must take every opportunity of cooperation, but just as disarmament cannot be achieved by agreement, each to lay one weapon down in turn, but by courageous example, so the new order must be achieved by first one nation making the effort, without violence, and being checked by the failure of others to advance with it, checked, but not lost. The attempt and even the momentary success, achieved without violence, will win respect even from those who fail to cooperate or to prevent intervention.

Have you heard the story of the locusts? How first ones goes down to the water's edge and is swept away and then another and then another and at last upon their dead bodies, piled up, a bridge is built and the rest cross over? What of those who come first and are swept away? They at least make a path to the water's edge.

Just as the war resister cannot wait for all to resist the call to arms,—he must alone face ostracism and persecution, imprisonment and perhaps even death—so each nation must make its struggle and falter and suffer—first one to the water's edge and then another. So they will learn to protect each other. There is no salvation for one race without the rest. We are members one of another, sharing each other's guilt, unable to live out our ideals alone.

But you are in a hurry, you want to smash something. That's easy; but it will achieve nothing. You want class and privilege to disappear and the era of cooperation to come in our time. Well, it is worth while if it comes in our children's time. The change may not be so far off. The world is growing smaller, we are becoming one very quickly. Crises follow crises. The old order with its back to the wall is trying desperately to hold its privileges which are slipping away. We did not know Capitalism for the ugly thing it was. When it only ground down the poor, some slipped through the meshes and to them life became tolerable. Life is not going to be tolerable any longer, we have seen this ugly thing now—it is out in the open. We can give the old order a new lease of life if we try to meet it with its own weapon of armed violence. It is a master in the use of violence. Now it is enticing us to battle on its own ground. If it succeeds, we fail. Yet all its arms cannot make a blade of corn grow. The power is with the man who tills the soil or works the loom. His cooperation or his non-cooperation can decide the day.

There is a magnificent opportunity if we are not afraid.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Christmas — 1936

I

Publish it not in Chicago,—
Whisper it not in the streets of Ravinia,
That a Redeemer is born again
Out of the luminous East,—
A Savior of men and women, of Life and Love,
Out of darkness, poverty, fear and pain,—
Or that there is Hope, and ultimate Justice;
For the rumor is unlikely, indeed incredible . . .
Nothing important occurs to the humble,
The poor and unfortunate are always with us;
The secure and successful will conspire and prevail,—
And will save us, if we deserve to be saved;
Follow them, therefore, and avoid the others.
For the submerged produce only trouble, after their kind,—
Much trouble, and far too many of their envious kind,
War, therefore, is inevitable—even good;
It makes forgotten men temporarily important,
It changes the weight of classes and nations.
It renders the rich richer, the poor poorer, at last,
For the race is to the strong who are without illusions;
And Christmas is moonshine, Peace but an idle dream. . .

II

But listen in the quiet of the woods
To the still insistent promptings of the Soul:

In the brooding silence of the Year,
In the empty spaces of the longest Night,
When the lean woods and cold houses are bare
And the hard face of the earth is veil'd in wind-winnow'd snow,
Suddenly, in crystalline twilight, the air comes alive,
A Wonder of kindness travels from city to city,
Jewels gleam on the evergreen arms of the glorified spruce,
Bright stars sparkle and shine from the glistening tree,
Candle-light glows in the eyes of the forlorn windows:
The Everlasting Mercy is abroad, with a truce to our strife,
And a Beauty that is neither of sun nor of moon,
Nor of the sleeping earth, nor the electric sky,
Comes like the face of one long loved and lost,—
Tender, elusive, returning, appearing again,
Enters without knocking even the unshriven heart,
Dwells like a well-loved guest, for a time,
Among the timid, the rich, the brave and the poor;
While chimes of Assisi or far Bethlehem
Resound and resound on the cold starry air,
With carols of invisible minstrels, joyful and strange.

The Incredible becomes momentarily a fact:
The Spirit of Christmas embraces the world,
And dissolves all unkindness in Peace. . . .
Hold fast and keep it dissolved, O my Soul!

—Brent Allinson.

Christmas Dinner in the Hospital

I cannot eat . . . I have too much . . .
A tray of delicate food fit for a queen;
Tomato juice cocktail sparkling red cheer;
Apricot salad in green lettuce like buttercups of spring;
A miniature mountain of fluffy potatoes,
Green logs of asparagus;
Tender breast of chicken in cream on crunchy biscuit;
Milk, alabaster white, in clear glass;
On a plate island two mounds of browned biscuit above steps of yellow gold butter;
A cocoanut frosted tiny white cake;
And tutti frutti ice cream in a pedestaled crystal cup;
I cannot eat . . . I am sad . . .
I see wild hunger in the eyes of children . . . of women . . . of men;
O, God, if I could only share this food with one of them!

—Arden Lee.

Pax Mundi

O Sovereign Balm of Peace! O Healing Wings,
Rayed with translucent splendor of the dawn
And dewey freshness from creation's lawn,
Ever your undulating chorus sings
Eternal requiem for baleful things,
And, bidding waste's dumb tragedy be gone,
Summons the bounteous rule of brain and brawn,
Through which the song of pen and hammer rings.

Behold, that Dawn arrives—and we, my Love,
Who, with the dauntless valor of the bold,
Saw joyously the golden vision true
(Cooled by the aery shadow of the Dove!):
Watched at the sad interment of the Old,
Acclaim the nascent triumph of the New.

—Robert Schaller.

Yule-Tide

To me the Yule-tide does not mean
Gay song, a reveler's fun;
It means instead the gift of Kings
Bestowed upon the One
Who waked the love a world enshrined:
The adoration of mankind.

My Yule-tide brings a better hope:
To seek the stranger here
Where Wise Men come again with gifts
Of friendliness and cheer.
Let every Christmas bell declare
That Bethlehem is everywhere!

—Jean Rasey.

Any Recent Christmas

Quite difficult it is this year
To sing the Christmas chime;
The war-planes paralyze the ear,
Machine guns race the time.

—Lloyd Frank Merrell.

Good Will

ZONA GALE

What do we mean by good will? For one thing, good will is a business term. You buy a business for so much, you buy a plant plus its "good will." That is to say, you buy the material plant plus something else, namely, the immaterial influence and confidence which that business has built up in the minds of people. That confidence, that good will is measurable in terms of money.

But in business good will also means other things. It means the spirit of an industry towards its employes and towards its customers. At its best, towards employes it results in just labor laws, in fair wages and hours and conditions under which work is done. Good will towards customers, at its best, is a kind of glorified honesty. A great jewelry firm in New York sold to a youth a diamond engagement ring for his sweetheart. The diamond was a valuable, registered stone. A year after the marriage of these two, the man received a letter from the great jewelry firm. The letter explained that the diamond which he had bought more than a year before had been registered under a wrong number, and the great firm begged to enclose its check for thirty dollars, the difference in the price.

There is good will to strangers. In the little town of Portage, Wisconsin, an airport landing field was abandoned. One night, towards midnight, a plane was heard circling over the town. Again and again, it flew over, went away, returned, circled and crossed low above the sleeping homes. Then it came to the people that the plane was looking for the old landing field and one man after another rose from his bed, took his car and dashed out to the old field; and there were enough cars assembled to encircle the place, so that with lights blazing and sirens sounding, they guided down that lost plane to safety.

Good will. Good will to the plane or the car or the man, woman or child or the animal in distress. In Bible times the good Samaritan was the exception. Now the man who did pass by another in trouble would be the exception. The good Samaritan is the rule. Indeed, good will has become somewhat a matter of good manners and it extends to those by no means in distress.

Good will to neighbors. There was the man who for many years left a locked trunk in a small town boarding house. At last, when the children were all grown up, the word came that the man had died. So the family and the old friends and neighbors decided to open the trunk. They all gathered about it while the lock was broken. And there the trunk was filled with letters, in a woman's writing. The village people looked at the woman's writing on the envelopes and they said—and we can guess what it cost them: "These may be love letters. We must not read them." And then they looked at the postmarks—Hongkong, Bangkok, Moscow, Taormina—and they said: "But it couldn't be wrong if each one of us kept one of these envelopes, with the far postmarks and the stranger stamps." So they burned the letters in the woman's writing, and humanly they kept the stamps—good will among neighbors, and to the dead neighbor, and to the woman unknown.

Good will in the home—to listen to a joke which one has heard before; to include the least in the conversation; to make a child's world for a child and not to expect the child to be forever adjusting himself to the adult world; to have a home that is a democracy to children as well as to grown-ups; to give to the old in the home a sense of participation, even of importance; to *agree* as often as possible; to say "yes" instead of "no"; not to object or to criticize; not to fail to understand. In a word, to identify oneself with the interests and the pleasures and the needs of others—that is good will. Nothing is too small to express good will; nothing is too small to serve its ways. Nothing is so fine as the temple which it builds.

Good will among nations. To extend to national relationships the kindliness, the understanding, the good will which we know how to extend to the individual. The law is the same. Good will among nations will be both a program and a power.

There should come to our lips some words to say, some words which have power to express the desire of the human heart to live in peace, in harmony, in the will for good to one another. Such words as these:

"Let the Forces of Light bring illumination to all mankind.
Let the Spirit of Peace be spread abroad.
May men of good will everywhere meet in a spirit of co-operation.
May forgiveness on the part of all men be the keynote of this time.
Let power attend the efforts of the Brothers of Humanity."

Hearst Comes Back

FRED W. SHORTER

Hearst has come back to Seattle. His morning newspaper, the *Post-Intelligencer,* after a three-months suspension, is on the streets. And liberals are disturbed! For three months they have enjoyed life without a daily dose of red-baiting. For three months they have not been forced to face insult from the Lord of San Simeon. Now he has come back. He has settled with the striking Guildsmen. He says he comes back a different man. He has taken back all that he said about Mr. Roosevelt. The president is not, as he mistakenly thought, a dictator *a la* Stalin but a reincarnation of Andrew Jackson. To prove that he really has had a change of heart he has employed as editor and local publisher of the *Post-Intelligencer* no less a person than the son-in-law of the present-day Jackson. No wonder liberals are disturbed! They feel that they have had the wind knocked out of them.

For what can they do? Here they were trying to launch a new morning newspaper to combat Hearst. It was to be a people's paper, but backed up with quite a bit of Democratic money. The chances seemed good. The Guild has been publishing an excellent little morning paper for three months. Subscriptions and street sales had increased. Here was a chance, whatever Hearst might do, to lay the foundation for a new paper. But this double-somersault into the very laps of the

first Democratic family has put the kibosh on all this. Democratic money froze up immediately. Another expected source of revenue was labor, but with the capitulation of Hearst to the Newspaper Guild in regard to hours of labor and wages and what is tantamount to Guild recognition, the enthusiasm of labor for another paper has oozed away. We are informed that Mr. Hearst has offered an olive branch to radicals. By executive order from now on no one will be called a "Communist" in the *P-I* unless he is known to be a member of the Party. No one is to be dubbed "radical" unless there are quote marks around the word. Intelligent liberals know that all this is trickery or, at best, a temporary retreat until he can get breath enough for a new attack. But trick or no trick, our dreams of a real liberal newspaper have evaporated into thin air. There is nothing left us but watchful waiting.

But we shall be very watchful. Seattle is a hot spot where liberal and reactionary forces meet in bitter battle. It should be easy to see where the "re-born" Hearst paper will stand. A particularly bitter fight is in process now. It centers around the mayor, John F. Dore. Johnnie Dore is a shrewd politician who owes his election to labor. Since taking office last June he has stood by labor, including the striking Newspaper Guild. He has been very bitter, even violent, in his denunciation of Hearst and other reactionaries. He has a choice vocabulary and knows how and when to use it. The reactionaries hate him. They have started a recall movement against him. The fight is likely to get more and more bitter. What will the new editor of the *P-I* do?

The maritime strike is creating a tense situation. Merchants are restless because of loss of business. They blame the strikers. So far there has been no violence. Two years ago, in a similar strike, there were several deaths. The same men who brought about violence in that strike are on the job hiring gunmen in this one. What will be the attitude of the "re-born" *Post-Intelligencer* to this maritime struggle?

Labor is in the saddle in Seattle. The Guild strike against Hearst revealed its strength and unified it as it has not been unified since the General Strike of sixteen years ago. It is growing in strength and it is becoming more radical. If the new Hearst editor is smart he will get on the labor band-wagon. Hearst men have done that in the past when it suited the "chief" to pose as labor's friend. Perhaps we shall see history repeating itself.

One thing is certain—neither liberal professional groups nor labor will take from Mr. Hearst the abuse and lies they have taken from him in the past. They have tasted three months of freedom and they will not be taken back to that filth without a desperate struggle. Meanwhile they have a threat within their grasp in the shape of a Sunday tabloid which is published by the liberal Washington Commonwealth Federation. It has a circulation of about fifteen thousand. It could be developed, should the occasion demand, into a daily. Perhaps when that time comes Mr. Hearst will have no more tricks to pull out of his bag.

TAGORE ON RUSSIA

Beginning January 4 and ending June 21 UNITY will publish in consecutive issues a series of Rabindranath Tagore's Impressions of Russia, written in the period of 1930, translated from Bengali by Basanta Koomar Roy, author of **Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry.**

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"The thing I like the best in Russia is the complete banishment of the barbarity of the pride of wealth. It is only because of this great banishment that the flower of self-respect has blossomed forth in an instant in Russia; and the masses of Russia today stand so well fortified in their feeling of self-respect. That is why the toilers on the farms and in the factories have succeeded in casting aside their burdens of shame and stand erect in human society. I am certainly just as happy as I am surprised to see such a sight in this new country. Oh, how this has wonderfully simplified man's relationship with man!"

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

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The Study Table

New Testament Criticism

CLAYTON R. BOWEN, STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. *Edited by Professor Robert J. Hutcheon. 180 pp. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2.00.*

Two comments are due before this work is reviewed in detail. First, it will, perhaps, prove to be the last volume in New Testament scholarship produced by a Unitarian professor. Meadville, since the death of Dr. Bowen, has adopted the policy of referring its students for instruction in New Testament literature and the life of Jesus to the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, not only for the purpose of avoiding a duplication of courses and teachers, but also to take advantage of the thoroughly enlightened and eminent scholarship there available. Since in no ministerial school under Unitarian auspices is instruction given in a field that was once regarded as so vital to Unitarian apologetic, and in which Unitarianism has contributed the work of Andrews Norton, F. H. Hedge, George L. Cary, Frederick Huidekoper and Dr. Bowen, it seems unlikely that publication by specifically Unitarian teachers will continue. The second comment is that the addresses and essays of the present volume, selected and edited by Professor Hutcheon of Meadville and Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed of the University (whose tribute to Dr. Bowen prefaces the book) are but a tithe of the latter's valuable productions in his field. In particular, his old students will miss any extended interpretation of the life and thought of Jesus of Nazareth, in which many of them feel an especial indebtedness to their beloved instructor.

The studies range from an address on "The Task of New Testament Interpretation" which was delivered in 1911, to an article in the *Journal of Religion,* 1933, "Love in the Fourth Gospel." They include Dr. Bowen's presidential address to the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, 1925, "Why Eschatology?" All the articles evince Dr. Bowen's rich, broad, keen scholarship, mellow human understanding and impartiality, deep sympathy with early Christianity, and a finished literary style.

The first strikes the keynote of the book: "I have only been meaning to say that an objective, undogmatic approach to these ancient writings is not only our sacred duty as devotees of science, but is the way to reach what is most beautiful and precious in them, what has kept them warm and fresh these many centuries," (p. 28). Nor has the Unitarian attitude toward Jesus been more sanely and simply expressed: "Jesus' ideal was . . . the bringing of men to the consciousness of the divine fatherhood and human brotherhood. It was not, for him, establishing the kingdom—it was only getting men ready to share in its blessed life when it should come. The kingdom of heaven, yes, it is coming, I am chosen of heaven to bring it, but O my people, now before it comes, let us all become a family of God, brothers and sisters of one household, children clustered about a father's knee."

The next two studies deal with the problem of the relation of John the Baptist, and his strong following, to Jesus and the Christian church. The conclusion is reached that (1) the earliest form of baptism (John, Jesus, Paul, even later) was *self-immersion;* (2) for a long time the importance of John's following was almost equal to that of Jesus',—in fact the movements were to a serious degree rivals if not enemies. "Here are rival Messiahs." (p. 75.)

"Why Eschatology?" reminds us that "we shall spring forward once more when prophets arise again telling our time in its language, that the goal is very near, because intensely believed in." Construed, this suggests not only the secret of Communist vitality, but the need for Liberalism of an optimistic philosophy of history. An essay on Ephesians demonstrates that it was written as a preface, largely composed of phrases and doctrines from Paul's other epistles, to the earliest corpus of those epistles, made about 100 A. D. The three concluding essays deal with aspects of the Fourth Gospel—its polemic opposition of "we Christians" to "you Jews"; the dramatic schematism of the Gospel, which is ingeniously reconstructed as a Greek play by Dr. Bowen; the concept and command of "love" as having reference only to the members of the Christian community. All these opinions, though ably argued and mildly urged, are of drastic and vigorous originality. That Dr. Bowen, for all his meekness, could be devastatingly candid in his appraisals is attested by the following: "In temper, forensic courtesy and fairness to the other side, the [Fourth] Gospel is as inferior to Justin's work [Dialogue against Trypho] as it is superior to it in genius."

The volume should be in the library of every Liberal minister, not only for its fresh light and thought upon New Testament problems, but because of its exemplary spirit. No wonder the author was held in the highest esteem by scholars even of the Anglican persuasion; nor that the University of Chicago was about to appoint him to its New Testament Department in order to make his scholarship more available to its large student body. This would have been fortunate; for one cannot avoid the surmise that in western Unitarianism interest in the universal religion of Humanity will more and more render specifically Christian thought epiphenomenal.

CHARLES LYTTLE.

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Christian Faith—a Social Ferment

CREATIVE CHRISTIANITY. *By Shailer Mathews. 167 pp. Nashville: Cokesbury Press. $1.50.*

These are days of great confusion as to the ethical significance of religion in general and Christianity in particular. Shall we build the "Church against the world," or run the compromising risks of keeping the "Church at work in the modern world"? Can we have a common culture without a common ethic? And can we have a common ethic without a uniform theology? Religious leaders are divided on the answers to these questions; but the anti-culture group is having a big inning just now.

In the face of this movement to divorce Christianity from entangling alliances with culture, Dean Mathews raises a courageous voice calling to a frank alliance of Christian faith with modern cultural trends. His posi-

tion is based on two fundamental assumptions: the Christian movement has always been an integral part of western culture and cannot be historically conceived apart from that culture; and, furthermore, any divorce of Christian faith from contemporary culture is tantamount to dissociation in the personalities of Christians. We live in both the Christian tradition and the contemporary scene. Nay, more, we cannot speak of Christianity apart from Christians who exist in a given culture. In the first place, then, the separation of Christianity from modern culture is not a question of policy but of fact: we can no more separate the two than we can divorce a man's mind from his body,—even when that mind is so noble and that body so disease-ridden as Kagawa's (The analogy is the reviewer's, not the author's).

But this raises a serious question. Is Christianity to be a servile follower of cultural change, jumping on the newest band wagon to maintain prestige? By no means, says the Dean. For Christianity is a creative force in culture, seeking continual transformation of that culture in line with Christian values. These values abide as moral (not metaphysical) absolutes, assuming ever new forms and patterns so as to maintain effective contact with social change. The changes in the Christian message, then, are not a surrender but a strategic shift of attack upon the evils of society. For, as a church, the Christian movement follows the laws of social institutions, while it embodies a gospel which is persistent and of permanent value. The movement always breeds true to itself, for all its changes in doctrine. It is not on theological uniformity that united Christian action is to be based, but on the acceptance of common values as paramount in human life: the individual as an end in himself, the practice of love as the way of social reconstruction.

Clearly, then, the Christian faith is a social ferment. As such it acts both within individuals to break the bonds of selfishness and lust, and within the Christian fellowship to resist coercion and to cultivate cooperation. All the knowledge that science can amass is to be utilized in the exercise of this moral power. The clarification of thinking about our world must beget a new theology, and the penetration of personality behavior by psychology must be accepted for the enrichment of spiritual guidance through counseling and education. But the main problem of the relations of religion and science is that religious idealism should direct scientific knowledge away from a holocaust of highly sophisticated self-destruction to a constructive enrichment of human life.

Here is the voice of a practical leader in Christian action raised in the midst of a confusing clamor of theoretical debate. It is the voice moreover of one who keeps his sense of humor. Always a clever coiner of epigrams, Dean Mathews continues the practice in this volume. Here are a few: "A message to be effective must arouse enmity." "If one can get people to hate together, they will work together." "The conviction of sin is . . . one way of describing the inevitable." "Most heresies have arisen when men fought over the reasons for truths which they all believed." "The Church has never been a democracy. Ecclesiastical *coup d'état* has been more popular than plebiscites." "Privileges, when outgrown, become the rights of others." "We call that frank which our forefathers called obscene."

The book leaves one question unaswered which is germane to the whole discussion. When is a moral value absolute? The author invokes the teaching of Jesus for support; but we do not learn why this lends absoluteness to the moral values. Surely we have here come closer to metaphysics than appears at first reading. Perhaps the Dean's continuing faith in progress (his Noble Lectures on this theme are cited as still adhered to) lends a pragmatic sanction to the abiding worth of Jesus' moral principles. But pragmatic sanctions do not lay claim to such absolute validity.

When all this is said, we still have here a volume ripe in wisdom, atttractive in statement, courageous in tone, and liberal in outlook.

EDWIN EWART AUBREY.

University of Chicago.

An American Bible

THE RISE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. *Edited by Sydney Strong. New York: Wilson-Erickson.*

Dr. Strong has taken the records themselves and by judicious selection has revealed to us the movement of democracy through three hundred years, from the Mayflower Pact to the Kellogg Peace Pact. The result is a kind of Bible or sacred scriptures of the American people. Here we have, as in the Hebrew scriptures, annals, laws, songs, sayings of wisdom, and prophecies.

The richness of the material will come as a surprise to many. A feeling of pride in American hopes and achievements will fill the heart as one sees the signs from past and present of a persistent belief in the sovereignty of the people. Daughters of the American Revolution as well as radicals should be pleased with this collection. Adopted sons and daughters of other lands, who are here in such great numbers, will read it with avidity. It is a genuine American document. It is unifying on the basis of true democracy. All real Americans will feel at home in its perusal. For, while there has been purposeful selection, there is no straining to serve any one group or school. It is a natural, and therefore all the more effective, expression of faith in the common people.

Judges granting aliens citizenship should urge new citizens to read it. Politicians should keep it handy as a source book for their speeches. Ministers should use it for pulpit readings. It might well be used as a basis for daily devotions in the home. Why should we, after all, confine ourselves to the Hebrew scriptures? Jesus and other Hebrew prophets were influenced by the daily recital of the achievements of their people. Might not this collection be a source of inspiration to our children?

We need such a book as this in times like these when even intelligent people are losing faith in democracy. Certainly it will bring home one thing to all readers and that is that if we turn our backs on democracy we are turning our backs on American tradition. But we defy anybody to read this and lightly turn his back. Rather we believe he will feel within him a renewed and strengthened faith in the people. The philosophy of Adolf Hitler, with his "followership" instead of fellowship, will not appeal. It does not belong here. And neither, for that matter, does class hatred or Jew hatred, or hatred of any kind. People as people speak in these documents. It is a people's history of a people's land.

Sydney Strong calls this collection a "canon of scripture," but, thank goodness, not a closed canon. The editor specifically asks that readers send in suggestions as to inclusions of material in revised editions. We who are interested in the preservation and growth of democracy should not only possess this scripture, but should help to make it even more expressive than it is of the American faith. You may feel, as the reviewer does, that some of the stronger expressions from radical labor leaders might well be included. Then send them in to the publisher or to Dr. Strong. You may think that some selections do not belong in the canon. Say so. Even the Hebrew scripture has some that do not belong! Whatever you do or do not do be sure to get a copy of this book and keep it near you, in your study and at your bedside.

FRED W. SHORTER.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 142)

6. In season and out he has persistently stood for a new social order, which has been described by an American seer as "a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns, a world in which the gibbet's shadow does not fall, a world where labor reaps its full reward, where work and worth go hand in hand."

How far in advance of his time he has truly been! And yet, how free from the impatience, the rashness, the egotism and the arrogance which we ofttimes associate with the blazer of new trails. Philip Bernstein approximates my ideal of a preacher—

He always has something important to say, and he knows full well how to say it;

He is eloquent, without being rhetorical;

He is courageous, without being contentious;

He is frank, without being brusque or brutal;

He is a man of vision, without being visionary;

He has a delightful sense of humor which is keen, but never unkindly;

He has other attainments, but in spite of them all he remains a very modest man, and this, of course, is why we love him as well as honor him.

In my judgment (and I say it with full conviction and without any reservations whatsoever), Rabbi Bernstein is a *true descendant* of the great religious prophets, only he has the additional faculty, which is rare among prophets, of inspiring his hearers with a genuine impulse to follow after him, not with stones, but in his steps; a man, who is not without honor even in his own community, whose autograph rather than epitaph is more eagerly coveted —this is a phenomenon infrequent enough to be worthy of celebrating in itself.

Philip, it has been a blessed privilege to know you, to work with you, and to feel the integrity of your spirit. We all respect you, admire you, and love you, and we all know that we can safely say these things in your presence because you are obviously unspoilable. You must have a good father and a good mother, and you must have an understanding and sympathetic wife.

It is my earnest hope and my sincere prayer that you may be with us for many years to come.

Doctor Needed

The Social Relations Department of the American Unitarian Association is attempting to raise $1500 to provide a physician for the cooperative plantation started by Sherwood Eddy for evicted share croppers and tenant farmers. "Nowhere," says Dr. Dexter, who has just returned from Arkansas, "have I ever seen such dire need coupled with firm determination to solve an almost unsolvable problem as exists at the Delta Cooperative Farm. What is needed more than anything else now is a resident physician who can heal bodies broken by years of hard, unrewarded work, and fearful living conditions. At the end of two years the Cooperative hopes to be able to provide for a physician themselves but during the earlier period this is impossible."

Send contributions to Robert C. Dexter, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

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